SECOND SECTION.

The Sun.

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JIHEI MEETS HONEST FOLKS

PEOPLE HAD SAID HE'D BE SWINDLED AT NIAGARA,

But No—He Got Wrapping Paper, Examined a Japanese Suicide's Effects, Inspected the Falls and Collected Information Under Pleasant Circumstances.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 15.—Of the greatness and grandeur of the Niagara Falls everybody in New York knows something and some people know everything. Why should I then write anything about the Falls? But my first experience with the Niagara Falls, with the people of Niagara Falls and the vicinity and the little incidents connected with the Niagara Falls may not be exactly the same as others. So I write.

The New York Central's Pullman sleeper delivered me early this morning in Niagara Falls, not without some lingering sleep left in my head. I heard so much from my Austrian fellow traveller about the money making schemes the Niagara Falls folks would spring upon the visitors that when I got off the train my sleep was all gone.

"Look out when you go to Niagara Falls that they don't swindle you," my friend had advised me while on train, for an agent of the Gorge Route Electric Railroad Company was selling tickets for $1 apiece on the train. But at the station another agent of the company said to me:

"Look out for those fellows"—I don't know whom he meant "them" to be—"they swindle your money."

Then I was met by a dozen of cabmen who take me to the Falls for ten cents. "But don't take that for granted, for in the end it may cost you dollars and dollars," my friend told me.

Now under the circumstances I preferred to walk to the Falls, which was only five minutes walk. But do not suppose for a moment that all the Niagara Falls town is swindler. I went in a cigar store and asked the keeper for a piece of wrapping paper, for which I offered him a nickel. He refused to take the nickel and said:

"Oh, no! not for a piece of paper. We are not all swindlers here, you know." So I shook hands with him.

I took a glance at the Falls before breakfast and after breakfast I went over to the islands. Why should I take a ride around the islands? It is a very nice walk. So I walked, and I will tell you what I found out.

The first island is the Goat Island, of course. Beyond the Goat Island, in the greater of the upper rapids, there are a group of islets. On the bridge from the Goat Island to one of these small islands I met two men, one of whom looked like a town man.

"Do you know what these islands are called?" I asked of him.

Then this good man produced a map and pointing to the islands named them.

"These are Little Sisters islands. That one is Little Brother island."

"Well, then, I will go to see my brother." So saying, I was going away. But the man said:

"Did you say you are going to see your brother? There was a Japanese about six weeks ago who came over here and drowned himself. I am a policeman here and I was the first to discover his overcoat and a hat on that island over there."

Then my memory suddenly flashed to the report I saw in New York papers about this Japanese suicider. So I was interested to know just exactly where the poor fellow went into the water. The policeman, who was in plain clothes, conducted me, and there were several visitors beside me, to the Sousie Island.

"You see there a rock? That was the rock from which the Japanese jumped into the rapid. And here is the bench under which I found his overcoat and hat. There were some papers and things he possessed. I turned them over to the Government reservation building. You can find them there."

At the reservation building the secretaries upon request produced a package of letters and papers. A letter in Japanese was from the suicider's brother, who could not comply with the request of his brother to send some money. A pencil note in English was, as the secretary told me, the handwriting of the suicider, who said as follows:

MARCH 29th, 1907.

I am a Japanese named T. Tamai, who came over from c-o 17th Concord St., Brooklyn, N. Y., this morning, and I will commit suicide in this fall.

Any one who will find these mails please kindly mail for my sake. T. TAMAI.

Meanwhile I was accompanied by a young man from Kansas City, whom I met at the island. He is on his way to Europe for recuperation of his health.

"My name is Joe. So what is your name?" said he.

So when I told him my name he could not pronounce it. So I said to him:

"My another name is Frank. You call me Frank Tokio."

The Joe and Frank Company voted that we have a trip on the Maid of the Mist under the Niagara Falls.

"It won't cost you more than 50 cents," he said. "If you want to go to the Canadian side, the boat will take you over there. You won't have to pay toll of 10 cents, which you would have to pay if you go over the suspension bridge."

We took the trip, and for half an hour were showered over with the mist which, however, but washed our face. We waved our hands to the visitors on the island overhead, who looked like little birds. Some of the women birds reciprocated the hand waving.

The falls are to be seen better from the Canadian side. So Joe and I went up the incline and looked at the falls at a close range for some time.

"Get up, Joe, let's move about," I said. But Joe seemed never to lose sight of the falls on the Canadian side—the Horseshoe Falls. Instead of moving, he began to tell a story of a woman who floated down the fall without getting killed.

"Yes? I don't believe that." I said.

But my incredulity was gone when a young man of Canada vouched for the fact of Joe's narrative.

"It was about three years ago," continued the Canadian young man, "a young woman did not care much for her life as she lived then, decided to make an experiment of that kind. If got killed she would not have cared. If she survived the experiment she would become famous."

"How did she come out?"

"Well, she wasn't killed. But at the same time she made nothing out of it. She is now keeping a post card stand somewhere in Niagara Falls."

"How did she do it?"

"She had a very strong barrel specially made for the purpose, so strong that when it fell with her in it down the fall it did not break. In the barrel was placed a chair for the woman, who clung tight to the barrel. The barrel fell right down there where the volume of water falling is thickest," and he pointed the spot by his finger.

Joe and Frank Company soon was disorganized, for Joe would do what I did not care to do and would not do what I wanted to do. He made me buy some post cards to keep him company. But he would not take a ride on the Gorge Route car.

"Do you think you can swim across this gorge?" I asked a fellow car passenger when we came by the gorge.

"Well, I wouldn't care to do so if I don't have to. But if I have to, I might try it.'

"It was a miserable day to-day, as far as the weather was concerned. But when I finished the car ride, it was 3 o'clock.

"Why, it's only 3 o'clock. I have five or six hours more." I addressed so to the landlady of the hotel where I had my meals.

"Why don't you go to the —— factory?" she suggested.

I went all through the factory building with the company's official guide and a number of fellow visitors.

"Why don't they find some way to put covers on the boxes without using hands?" I asked of the guide.

"We tried that. But it didn't work. If anybody invent a good device for that, the company would buy the device."

"Here's a good opportunity for you," I said to one of our fellow visitors. But he shoved the opportunity on to me.

JIHEI HASHIGUCHI

THE LOST WIRE.

Telegraph Operator's Observations of Domestic Habits of Eagles.

"It sure was strange who was stealing the wire up there on the Lehigh and Hudson, popularly known as the Lean and Hungry Railroad," said the old railroad telegraph operator, who has gained a reputation for his work in assisting Truth to rise after she has been crushed to earth. "You see the road is putting up a new line of wires and they had lots of trouble losing their equipment.

"Most of the trouble occurred up near Sugar Loaf Mountain, near the old cemetery, just the other side of Eastchester station. They never could seem to find out who stole the wire.

"A fellow would be sending messages up the road to the different summer resorts—'Love me and the world is mine'—and other telegrams of the soft boiled egg variety—from guys in the city to their girls in the mountains, but the messages never would get to their destination.

"Whoever pinched the wires would leave just enough of the metal wire hanging from the pole to reach the ground, thereby making a circuit and the wire would work all right between Eastchester and the end of the line, but the next morning we would get a postal card from the summer resort saying they lost the wire at such and such a place. The wire thieves were literally running the business of the company into the ground.

"So the management stationed a night watchman up near the old cemetery to nab the marauders and teach 'em to keep their hands off the company's property. For the first three or four nights there was nothing doing on wire thieves.

"One night about 8 o'clock as we regulars were sitting around the big stove in Duff Masten's grocery store, talking over the general condition of the onion crop, the watchman stumbled into the front door, almost frightened to death. He allowed that it was ghosts from the cemetery who were swiping the Lehigh wires.

"Res Conkling and all of us pooh-poohed the idea of ghosts. There were a good many operators burie up in the old cemetery, but they had had enough trouble with wires during their lives without trying to cabbage any after death.

"Barney Smith and three or four more of us framed up an expedition to find out the whys and wherefores of this ghost business. We journeyed up there by Sugar Loaf Mountain several nights without any results.

"About 12 o'clock on the fourth night we were about leaving in disgust when there was a whirring sound up behind one of the large tombstones in the graveyard and a large object went flying over to one of the telegraph poles and began pecking at the wire there.

"By gosh, it is spirits!" cried Charley Crist, one of the exploring band.

"'Change your brand,' said I. I'll tell you what it is. It's an eagle.'

"I'd heard only a week or two before about a pair of bald headed eagles which had been seen up on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Barney Smith agreed with me that the wire pirate was the male eagle stealing wire to build a nest for his mate.

"Yes, sir, sure's you're born. Of course, the wire wasn't as heavy as the modern telegraph wires and could coil nicely into a fine nest for the lady eagle. The warm messages which had circulated through the wires to the summer girls would aid materially in hatching the eagle's eggs.

"It wasn't very hard for the big strong male eagle to snap off a length of wire and fly off with a coil of it around his neck. Of course it was just by accident he left enough of it flying to stick into the ground.

"Well, sir, the company tried its best to kill that eagle, placing a bounty of $50 on his head. But no one seemed to shoot straight enough to kill him, or else he was so tough the bullets took no effect. Even so sure a shot as Barney Smith failed to bring him down. The big bird was a pest, too, for every time he wanted to add an L to his nest or build a new apartment he'd just draw on the telegraph line.

"The supe was at a loss as to what to do. Finally I hit upon a scheme. Why not put in a special brand of barbed wire? It was obvious that if a lady eagle was preparing to lay an egg and sat down on a piece of barbed wire, she'd change her mind about laying the egg and say 'Prunes' or words to that effect in eagle language.

"My scheme worked all right and after the barbed wire was installed the depredations ceased, although many sharp messages were sent over the line."

"Say," observed the tall, cynical conductor, "you've got those nature fakers spiked to the switch."

DRESSING ON $6,500 A YEAR.

Expenses of an English Woman of Fashion—Minor Expenditures.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

A very exclusive London dressmaker on being asked how much a lady should spend on dress replied: "She could dress fairly well on £1,300 a year." The analysis of a typical bill, however, shows that sum may be very easily exceeded.

Thus dresses cost £628 11s.; mantles, &c., £229 16s.; millinery and hats, £147 9s.; gloves, sunshades, &c., £201 4s. 6d.; lingerie, £341 14s. 6d.; boots, riding outfit, &c., £115 1s. motor outfit, £42 0s. 6d.; sundries, including laundry and cleaning, £431 5s. 6d. The total expenditure on clothing alone in this particular case came to £2,136 and some odd shillings and pence. When to this is added the actual expense of the gratification of minor tastes it will be realized that the fashionable Englishwoman costs the community a very useful sum.

There are saddle horses to be hired, and proceeds our instructress, "Ladies nowadays generally belong to one or more clubs. They also smoke. The cigarette merchant is somewhat scornful as regards the lady smoker declaring that she is no connoisseur and seldom gives more than five shillings a hundred for her cigarettes. But—'there are others,' and these when they order the gold tipped variety are a joy to the merchant and a proportionate sorrow to those who deplore the smoking habit in women. There may be bridge debts, but there is no reason to suppose that our fashionable lady will gamble, and even if she does one could not get even an approximate idea of what such debts would be."

ACTORS CALLED UNGRATEFUL

TO WHICH THEY REPLY THAT MANAGERS ARE SELFISH.

Some Experiences Which Seem to Prove the Former Assertion—One Company That Balked at Extra Exertion Which Might Have Made a Doubtful Play Succeed.

Managers are inclined to regard actors as ungrateful, while the professionals are just as certain that the men who hire them are blind to all but money.

The actor's view of the situation is expressed by what one was heard to say on a roof garden the other night. "I'm glad it's a manager who's just beginning to be known," he said, "that is going to manage my first tour as a star. He'll take some interest in it. He won't lay down after a week or two of bad business and leave me stuck at the beginning of the season with the additional disadvantage of having failed on my first tour as a star.

"I know how you are treated by those managers with a dozen or more attractions to look after. They send you out with one of their hired agents. If the show does not draw after two or three weeks they do not try to find out what is wrong with it, work over the piece and see if it cannot be a success. On the contrary, they give it an additional black eye by shifting it to poor territory and sending some show that is paying to the good towns.

"After a few more trials they close up the show, and the chances are in favor of their saying that the man or woman who was the star had no draft—couldn't draw his breath without difficulty. It's very businesslike and Napoleonic, and so forth, for the manager, but it's hard on the feelings of the actor. But when did a manager ever regard the reputation of an actor?"

This is the conviction of every actor, and it would be impossible to convince him to the contrary. Yet how differently a manager talked the other day to a SUN reporter.

"The manager who wasted his time over the prospects of his actors," this man said, "would soon find himself bankrupt. I have yet to hear of a single case in which the player did anything to help a manager when he had an uncertain proposition on his hands. They're out for themselves.

"Listen to my experience last fall: I had a piece that had gone poorly in Boston in the spring and then one in Chicago during the summer. I was uncertain about New York, however, and the author made certain changes in the play. That required some rehearsals. I put off the opening until late in the week in order to get the people up in the altered scenes.

"Mind you, now, I had already lost about $10,000 on the piece, with an expense of more than that on the production and a big salary list to be met every Tuesday. You would have thought that for their own sakes they would have worked with me to improve the play, quite apart from their indifference as to my money.

"But if you knew actors you would never believe that. They were the sorest crowd that ever happened. They dragged themselves over the stage as if every step was going to be their last. They took their time about learning the few new lines introduced and a more sullen lot you never knew. This was all because of a few rehearsals. The more salary they were getting the less interest they took.

"Well, the first night came. The judgment of the first night audience was the Scotch verdict 'Not proven.' It might go and it might not. It needed aggressive work and during the third performance I sent around word that I wanted the people to stay for the flashlight pictures. That created as much of a hubbub as an order from the Czar might have done in a Siberian prison.

"'Might as well have gone into the continuous right away and done over six shows a day,' observed the leading man. 'I'm for out of here and something to eat.'

"'I'd never have gone to a hotel,' scornfully remarked the leading lady, who did not have a job all winter by the way, 'if I'd have known I was going to live in this theatre.'

"That was the general tone of their conversation. After posing reluctantly for one picture they refused to stay longer.

"Business did not jump much the next night, so it was not difficult for me to work the revenge I had thought of. I had put up on the board a notice that the play would close the next week.

"They were the most astonished lot of actors you ever saw. If they had shown the least indication of a desire to work with me and make the play succeed, I might have acted differently.

"As it was, there is not a single actor in that company from the most important down to the kid who played the part of a printer's devil who does not go around saying that I blasted his or her artistic career by my ruthless action in shutting up that show so suddenly. They thought I ought to have gone right along paying them salaries and losing more and more every week.

"Another manager wreaked his vengeance on an ungrateful star in much the same way. She was acting in a play by Clyde Fitch, which had not made a very great success. A run of three weeks had about exhausted the chance of success in New York. It was at the end of April, however, and the manager decided that he would force the run for a month to reap the advantage of its record on the road tour. This was an investment which was going to cost him some money. He had to rent the theatre outright and pay the company from weekly receipts that did not go much over $2,000.

"One night I dropped in to see how the show was going. The audience was not large, for even the deadheads had not turned out on that rainy night. Whether or not the audience did the actors had, however, a splendid time. They guyed their lines, they bowed to friends in the audience, they laughed and joked with one another and acted a serious melodrama as if it had been a most informal musical comedy.

"There I sat and realized that I was paying out my good money to these people. Of course I was doing it for a business investment, but I wanted some kind of a comeback. None of the company knew I was in the theatre until somebody went back and tipped them off. The way they played the last act could not have been beaten by the Hofburg and the Comédie Française combined. It was too late, though. They got notice and I closed up the next week.

"I used to be an actor myself, but I must say that I think the members of any other profession in the world would have been a little more conscientious and stood by me a little better. The manager always has it in his power to get even. Sometimes he can't resist it."

English actors are notoriously indifferent on the stage, and Americans who go to London are frequently astonished at the little interest popular favorites take in what they are doing. One of them tried the experiment in New York with disastrous results.

Her new play had been a failure and she had revised one of the Pinero pieces with which her reputation was associated. It was not novel here and the audiences were not large. Rather than send her into the one night stands, where she was certain to make money for him, so early in the season the manager had kept her at one of his New York theatres. It was not the most popular theatre in New York, but there have been long runs there.

"One night I journeyed over to the theatre to see how the play was going," the manager told the reporter, "and arrived just before the curtain was to fall on the first act. Two lovers are on the stage and the woman should put her arms on the man's shoulders as the curtain falls and say:

"'*Aubrey, Aubrey*, I am so happy.'

"She said that speech all right. Then she followed it with a line of her own that reached me plainly in the second box half way back from the stage.

"'I should say tired, not happy,' she added, 'tired of playing in this rotten, out of the way theatre that nobody will come to.'

"Well, I could scarcely believe my ears. Half the audience heard what she had added. Some looked mystified. Others snickered. The next week that lady started out on six weeks of one night stands where she had plenty of opportunity to get very, very tired."

An Expert Marksman.

From the Scranton Republican.

The terms "sharpshooter," "expert marksman," &c., which distinguish the classes of military riflemen are often puzzling to those not familiar with rifle practice.

To become a marksman one must make 98 out of a possible 150 at 200, 300 and 500 yards. The sharpshooter must get 160 out of 200 at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards, besides doing well enough in skirmish to bring his total to 225, or two-thirds of the possible score. An expert must do all this and also score 40 out of 50 at 300 yards and 35 out of 50 at 1,000 yards. The latter distance is more than half a mile and the bullseye looks mighty small.